Northern Messenger

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Gospel Light for the Lapps.

HOW IT WAS CARRIED TO THEM BY TWO BRAVE WOMEN.

The women whose portraits accompany this article are both officers of the Salvation Army; and the wonderful work they have been enabled to do for God deserves to be recorded. The taller of the two is Captain Klara Backstrom, a native of Sweden, and the other is Lieutenant Kant, a lady of Lapland.

TWO SALVATION ARMY LADY CAPTAINS IN THEIR LAPLAND COSTUME, JUST READY TO START FOR THEIR SUNDAY SERVICE.

Having expressed a desire to engage in missionary work amongst the Lapps, they were appointed to the little Lapland town of Lycksele, just beyond the northern border of Sweden. For four months the two officers trudged and toiled in the streets and byways of Lycksele; and then they decided to make their way up into the far north, to carry the Gospel message to isolated Lapp villages, and to speak the good news of salvation into ears that had never yet heard its sweetness.

So these two brave women set out on their long and lonely journey. It was no light task that they had undertaken. The cold grew more and more intense as they proceeded, and the exposure and bad food began to tell on the captain. They lived principally on reindeer flesh and coffee; and the nearest approach they could get to a wash was to rub their faces and hands with frozen snow.

Altogether, they travelled about two hundred and seventy miles over trackless snow on their immense wooden shoes, like long narrow canoes, called 'ski'; and their luggage, which they carried on their backs, consisted of a change of things, some handkerchiefs and stocking, Bibles and song books, a map and a compass, some matches, and a very little money.

Blinding snowstorms frequently whirled round them, driving them to their compass for guidance. The way led up and down high mountains, silent, deathly, shrouded in snow; more than once they had to wait at some little encampment till packs of wolves had gone by, and yet they never missed their chance of holding a meeting and preaching Jesus round the little wood-fires, nor would the captain ever lie down to sleep till the last question had been answered.

'The condition of the Lapps,' said Miss Backstrom, 'is sad beyond words. True they know God as the Creator and Judge, but of Christ, His pardon, love and mercy, they understand little.

'They have little or nothing which makes life happy. Weary and lonely as they are, for long months in darkness and cold, with not even a ray of sunshine or sprig of green, one is not surprised to hear of constant cases of lunacy and suicide among them. There is much drunkenness and much immorality, too, and yet they are like children, willing to be helped and taught and led to Jesus.'

A while ago Captain Backstrom was in London at the Salvation Army Exhibition, but she has now returned to her work amongst the Lapps, many of whom she has already won for the Master in whose sacred name she has dared and done so much.—'Sunday Companion.'

Stumbling Blocks.

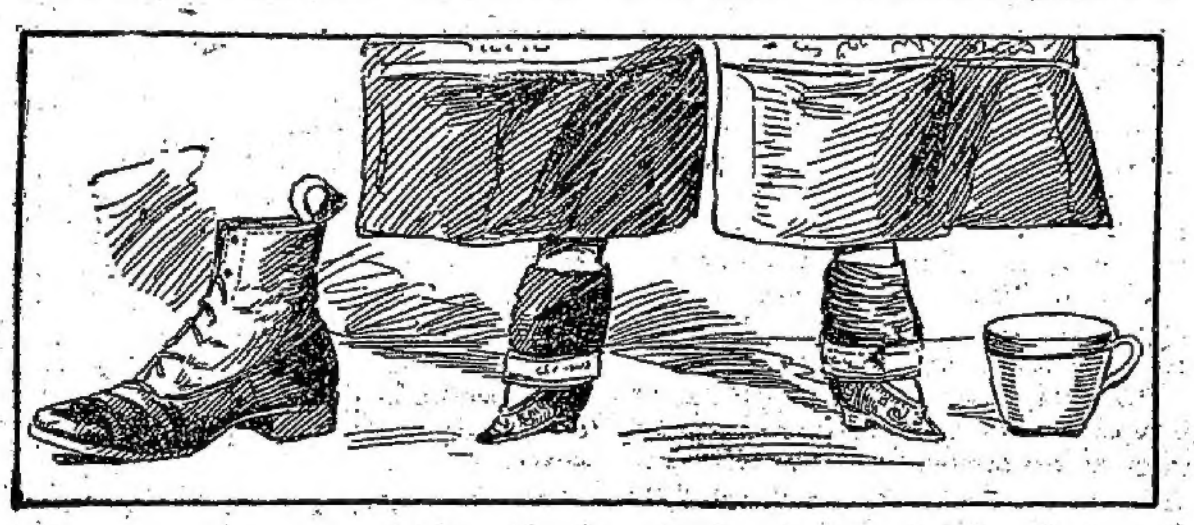
Rev. Ghosen-el-Howie, Ph.D., late of Toronto, writes:—We visited the village of Siloam. The main portion of the population are Mohamedans, but a few years ago a large number of Jews came from Arabia, and formed quite a Jewish settlement here. It being their Sabbath, they were holding two meetings, one in the school-house, another in the synagogue. I addressed them in both places, beginning by stating that we had just come from Canada, and how tenderly and with what deep concern Canadian Christian hearts beat towards their orphaned race. Christians are deeply grieved because Jews persist in shutting themselves out from the blessings, which Jesus Christ their countrymen, brother and Messiah, originated among them, and for them first.' To my astonishment they listened apparently respectfully. At the close, however, one of them took all the conceit, if not the spirit, from my buoyant soul, by quietly, but significantly, asking 'And why do you not first Christianize the Christians?' This sorrowfully reminds me of a rebuff a Christian lady received at the hands of a Jew in Thornhill, near Toronto, as I had it from her own lips. He allowed her to go on discoursing to him of Jesus and His love, then, all of a sudden, he startled her by saying, 'And do you obey and love this Jesus?' She drew back in confusion, and the pertinent enquiry pierced like an arrow through her soul.

We may say that this Jew is more wily than wise, for one sin cannot be an excuse for another. Two blacks cannot make a white, and yet what else can we expect from him, when he knows that Greek and other Oriental Christians cherish an habitual hate towards his race, and he sees the conduct of the drunkards, not of

Ephraim, but of Britain and America. In the memory of many living, there was not a drinking shop in Jerusalem, but now they affirm there are over a hundred called forth through European and American influence and wants.

Bound Feet.

Foot binding in China began more than a thousand years ago. Some say it originated from the fact that a certain queen had club feet, and all of the women of the court wished to imitate her; others, that it was devised by men so the women would be obliged to remain at home and not gossip with their neighbors. Whatever the original cause, there are probably not less than one hundred and twenty million girls and women suffering on account of the social custom, which has no connection with the laws or the religion of China. It is only an aristocratic practice, and nothing but the spread of Christianity, and the growth of Christian public sentiment, teaching compassion for the weak, and sympathy with the suffering, can abolish it. Nothing pains me more while visiting my 'Special Gift' schools, than to see the dear little girls with their crippled feet. Foot binding



BOUND FEET.
Actual Size as Compared With an Ordinary Teacup and Boot.

is begun at about the age of five or six years, after a girl is able to walk well, or she would never learn.

A strip of cotton cloth two inches wide and about two yards long is used. One end is placed beneath the instep and then carried over the four small toes, drawing them down beneath the foot, while the great toe is left free, then back under the hollow of the foot and around the instep, once or twice, then around the heel from the outside to the inside, and then again over the instep and toes, and so on as before. The bandage is frequently tightened, and all the while the instep is forced up, and the smaller toes drawn under. The bones of the foot are slowly bent and forced into an ugly mass up in front of the ankle. The ball of the great toe comes back against the heel. Thus only the heel and great toe go into the little shoe. For the first year or two the girls suffer constant pain, although many devices are used to try to relieve the agony. Through the long summer days, instead of romping and enjoying the fresh air and sports with her brother, the poor little girl will lie restless with fever upon her couch, and when the cold nights of winter come, she is afraid to wrap her limbs in warm covering lest the suffering becomes more intense.

If the girl is not betrothed until she is ten or more years of age, the first question is, 'What is the length of her feet?' The small footed ladies of China; hobble and limp along about as others would walking on their heels, supporting themselves by placing one hand on a child's shoulder, or by means of a strong staff. 'Their movements are as the willows,' and 'their feet as the Golden Lily,' sings the Chinese poet.

We have some poor, worthy Christian women who are very anxious to work so as to help support their little families. A few of these women I am employing to make little shoes. As to size, shape and material, they are exactly like those worn. They are neat and pretty, and will be a great curio in any home, an ornament on any mantel. I will mail you a pair for one dollar, six pairs for four dollars, twelve pairs for seven dollars. The profits will help to educate the boys and girls of China.

GEO. S. MIVER,
Superintendent 'Special Gift' schools, Fouchow, China.

Home Department.

It is an invariable experience in the Home Department that its members are continually growing less by transfers to the main school. The little half-hour or more per week has awakened a desire for a better understanding of the Bible. Usually, in less than a year after the department is organized, from ten to twenty percent of the original number will be attending the Sunday session of the school. The public congregation is also increased. At a recent Sunday-school convention the question was asked, 'Does the Home Department take members from the main school, or lessen the attendance at church?' The conductor turned the question over to the conference. Not a single person answered 'yes' to the question. Then he asked all who knew of instances where the department had increased the school and the public congregation to say 'Amen.' The response was so strong and unanimous as to suggest the 'amen' about the throne of God described in the 'Book of Revelation.'

Through this agency many have been converted and joined the church. Some of these have been persons unknown to the church or pastor until the department found them. A short time ago, at a most inspiring Home Department conference, the delegates reported two, five, six, eight, ten led to Christ through this benign agency.

The department develops the latent talent of the church. A certain Home department superintendent was a person who, prior to assuming this office, had no place in church work. She was efficient and successful. Her successor was a lady not especially prominent in church circles, but who has made an ideal superintendent. She has enlisted persons as visitors who were not supposed to possess any available or usable talent, and yet those persons were really 'dying of doing nothing.' The department helps in religious visitation. The ideal visitor will not only deliver the quarterly requisites, but will be an inspiration and a help to the members. In most churches it is difficult to secure social visitation. The Home Department has partly solved that difficulty. It has in its membership many who cannot attend church or Sunday-school.—Rev. C. E. Moggs, Ph. D., in 'S.S. Times.'

For the Indian Famine.

We are pleased to copy these acknowledgments from the 'Daily Witness' of March 3, as many of the subscriptions came through friends of the 'Messenger.'

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.
Undesignated.

Previously acknowledged	$300.39
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B. Durrell	2.85
Seven Girls, Acton	1.59
B. H.	1.00
Union Sunday-school, North Coati-Cook	1.00
	$446.13

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

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A Friend, Lachute	5.00
J. T. Laing	5.00
Mrs. Bremner	20.00
Miss Katie McDougall	3.00
Mrs. W. S. Lyster	1.00
Jessie Fisher	3.25
Baillieboro Methodist Church collection	5.00
Baillieboro Methodist Mission Band	1.00
	$205.45

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN LEVITICUS.

Mar. 18., Sun.—A Sabbath of rest.
Mar. 19., Mon.—Ye shall do my statutes and keep my judgements.
Mar. 20., Tues.—Ye shall make you no idols.
Mar. 21., Wed.—Ye shall keep my Sabbaths.
Mar. 22., Thurs.—And I will give peace.
Mar. 23., Fri.—I will set My tabernacle among you.
Mar. 24., Sat.—And I will walk among you.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Black Rock.

(A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor.)

CHAPTER X.

WHAT CAME TO SLAVIN.

Billy Breen's legacy to the Black Rock mining camp was a new League, which was more than the old League re-made. The League was new in its spirit and in its methods. The impression made upon the camp by Billy Breen's death was very remarkable, and I have never been quite able to account for it. The mood of the community at the time was peculiarly susceptible. Billy was one of the oldest of the old-timers. His decline and fall had been a long process, and his struggle for life and manhood was striking enough to arrest the attention and awaken the sympathy of the whole camp. We instinctively side with a man in his struggle for freedom; for we feel that freedom is native to him and to us. The sudden collapse of the struggle stirred the men with a deep pity for the beaten man, and a deep contempt for those who had tricked him to his doom. But though the pity and the contempt remained, the gloom was relieved and the sense of defeat removed from the men's minds by the transforming glory of Billy's last hour. Mr. Craig, reading of the tragedy of Billy's death, transfigured defeat into victory, and this was generally accepted by the men as the true reading, though to them it was full of mystery. But they could all understand and appreciate at full value the spirit that breathed through the words of the dying man: 'Don't be 'ard on 'em, they didn't mean no 'arm.' And this was the new spirit of the League.

It was this spirit that surprised Slavin into sudden tears at the grave's side. He had come braced for curses and vengeance, for all knew it was he who had doctored Billy's lemonade, and instead of vengeance the message from the dead that echoed through the voice of the living was one of pity and forgiveness.

But the days of the League's negative, defensive warfare were over. The fight was to the death, and now the war was to be carried into the enemy's country. The League men proposed a thoroughly equipped and well-conducted coffee-room, reading-room, and hall, to parallel the enemy's lines of operation, and defeat them with their own weapons upon their own ground. The main outlines of the scheme were clearly defined and were easily seen, but the perfecting of the details called for all Craig's tact and good sense. When, for instance, Vernon Winton, who had charge of the entertainment department, came for Craig's opinion as to a minstrel troupe and private theatricals, Craig was prompt with his answer—

'Anything clean goes.'

'A nigger show?' asked Winton.

'Depends upon the niggers,' replied Craig with a gravely comic look, shrewdly adding, 'ask Mrs. Mavor;' and so the League Minstrel and Dramatic Company became an established fact, and proved, as Craig afterwards told me, 'a great means of grace to the camp.'

Shaw had charge of the social department, whose special care it was to see that the men were made welcome to the cosy, cheerful reading room, where they might chat, smoke, read, write, or play games, according to fancy.

But Craig felt that the success or failure of the scheme would largely depend upon the character of the Resident Manager, who, while caring for reading-room and hall, would control and operate the important department represented by the coffee-room.

'At this point the whole business may come to grief,' he said to Mrs. Mavor, without whose counsel nothing was done.

'Why come to grief?' she asked brightly.

'Because if we don't get the right man, that's what will happen,' he replied in a tone that spoke of anxious worry.

'But we shall get the right man, never fear.' Her serene courage never faltered. 'He will come to us.'

Craig turned and gazed at her in frank admiration and said—

'If I only had your courage!'

'Courage!' she answered quickly. 'It is not for you to say that;' and at his answering look the red came into her cheek and the depths in her eyes glowed, and I marvelled and wondered, looking at Craig's cool face, whether his blood were running evenly through his veins. But his voice was quiet, a shade too quiet I thought, as he gravely replied—

'I would often be a coward but for the shame of it.'

And so the League waited for the man to come, who was to be Resident Manager and make the new enterprise a success. And come he did; but the manner of his coming was so extraordinary, that I have believed in the doctrine of a special providence ever since; for as Craig said, 'If he had come straight from Heaven I could not have been more surprised.'

While the League was thus waiting, its interest centred upon Slavin, chiefly because he represented more than any other the forces of the enemy; and though Billy Breen stood between him and the vengeance of the angry men who would have made short work of him and his saloon, nothing could save him from himself, and after the funeral Slavin went to his bar and drank whiskey as he had never drank before. But the more he drunk the fiercer and gloomier he became, and when the men drinking with him chaffed him, he swore deeply and with such threats that they left him alone.

It did not help Slavin either to have Nixon stride in through the crowd drinking at his bar and give him words of warning.

'It is not your fault, Slavin,' he said in slow, cool voice, 'that you and your precious crew din't send me to my death, too. You've won your bet, but I want to say that next time, though you are seven to one, or ten times that, when any of you boys offer me a drink I'll take you to mean fight, and I'll not disappoint you, and some one will be killed,' and so saying he strode out again, leaving a mean-looking crowd of men behind him. All who had not been concerned in the business at Nixon's shack expressed approval of his position, and hoped he would 'see it through.'

But the impression of Nixon's words upon Slavin was as nothing compared with that made by Geordie Crawford. It was not what he said so much as the manner of awful solemnity he carried. Geordie was struggling conscientiously to keep his promise to 'not be 'ard on the boys,' and found considerable relief in remembering that he had agreed 'to leave them tae the Almichty.' But the manner of leaving them was so solemnly awful, that I could not wonder that Slavin's superstitious Irish nature supplied him with supernatural terrors. It was the second day after the funeral that Geordie and I were walking towards Slavin's. There was a great shout of laughter as we drew near.

Geordie stopped short, and saying, 'We'll juist gang in a meenute,' passed through the crowd and up to the bar.

'Michael Slavin,' began Geordie, and the men stared in dead silence, with their glasses in their hands. 'Michael Slavin, a' promised the lad a'd bear ye nae ill wull, but juist leave ye tae the Almichty; an' I want tae tell ye that a'm keepin' ma wur-r-d. But'—and here he raised his hand, and his voice became preternaturally solemn—'his bluid is upon yer han's. Do ye no' see it?'

His voice rose sharply, and as he pointed, Slavin instinctively glanced at his hands, and Geordie added—

'Ay, and the Lord will require it o' you and yer hoose.'

They told me that Slavin shivered as if taken with ague after Geordie went out, and though he laughed and swore, he did not stop drinking till he sank into a drunken stupor and had to be carried to bed. His little French-Canadian wife could not understand the change that had come over her husband.

'He's like one bear,' she confided to Mrs. Mavor, to whom she was showing her baby of a year old. 'He's not kees me one tam dis day. He's mos hawful bad, he's not even look at de baby.' And this seemed sufficient proof that something was seriously wrong; for she went on to say—

'He's tink more for dat leel baby dan for de whole worl'; he's tink more for dat baby dan for me,' but she shrugged her pretty little shoulders in deprecation of her speech.

'You must pray for him,' said Mrs. Mavor, 'and all will come right.'

'Ah! madame!' she replied earnestly, 'every day, every day, I pray la sainte Vierge et tous les saints for him.'

'You must pray to your Father in heaven for him.'

'Ah! oui! I weel pray,' and Mrs. Mavor sent her away bright with smiles, and with new hope and courage in her heart.

(To be Continued.)

The Coming Man.

A pair of very chubby legs,
  Incased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots,
  With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat—
  Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us stands in state
  The future's 'coming man.'

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
  And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
  Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
  Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
  On some 'big fellow's kite.'

Those hands—those little busy hands—
  So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands, whose only mission seems
  To pull all order down;
Who knows what hidden strength may lie
  Within their tiny clasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
  In sturdy hold they grasp?

Ah, blessing on those little hands,
  Whose work is yet undone;
And blessing on those little feet,
  Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
  That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the future holds in store,
  God bless the 'coming man.'

—'Twentieth Century.'

When the Deacon Talked in Church.

(By Rev. William T. Gunn, in 'C. E. World.')

We weren't expecting anything unusual that Sunday, but we got it. It was a warm Sunday in June, and our annual foreign missionary sermon and collection were to be given. But that didn't excite us any; for we had slept, I may say, through both sermon and collection many a time before. It wasn't the sermon, either, for that didn't seem so different from usual; but that time it just happened to come home to the deacon. As far as I can remember, the preacher took for his text the old verse about 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature;' only he dwelt considerable on the 'Go ye.' He said it didn't say anything about taking up a collection, but it did say to 'go,' and that the Lord would never be satisfied until we went.

Our collections, anyway, he told us, didn't amount to much, and always reminded him of a story he had heard of a little boy. It seems the little fellow was saving some of the best meat on his plate for his dog; but his mother noticed it, and told him to eat that himself, and after dinner he could take what was left on the plates and give that to the dog. So after dinner he picked up the little bits of fat and bone and gristle that were left, and took them to the dog. When he got to the dog, some one heard him say sadly, 'I meant to bring you an offering, Fido; but I've only got a collection.'

Well it did kind of hit home, for most of us hadn't ever given much of a collection, only just enough to look respectable when the plate passed. But the preacher went on till he showed us that this command 'Go ye' meant just what it said, that we had to go. And he told us that it meant everybody had to go, too. Now I always thought there was some special kind of call that came to one here and another there; and, when they felt the call, they had to be a missionary. But he said that wasn't in the Bible, and that everybody was commanded to 'go ye' unless they had a special call to stay at home. And, even if they had a call to stay at home, they were bound to do their best to provide a substitute to go for them, and to help everybody to go that could. Then he just asked us how we would feel if we hadn't any Jesus to go to for forgiveness of our sins, or for help in our trials, or strength against temptation, or comfort in sorrow, or guidance in our perplexity; no Jesus to tell us about the love of God and where our loved ones went when the darkness of death shut down on them. This was what made life so dark and hard to the heathen, and in our gifts we were to think of the Lord's command to us and the heathen's need for us to go.

Then he prayed a bit; and the choir didn't sing any that day, but the organ played a soft voluntary at first while the collection was taken. Old Deacon Bright, he got up to pass the plate on his side. The old deacon was as fine a man as you'd meet in a day's journey, as good a neighbor and as honest a man as ever lived. Nice two-hundred-acre farm on the fifth line, and a fine family, all members of the church. Jim, he ran the farm; Jack, the second boy, just ready to go to college; and Mary had her diploma as teacher, and was studying in the Toronto hospital to be a nurse. The mother, too, was just as nice a woman as you could find anywhere.

The old deacon had been getting considerable deaf of late years, and always sat alone in the front pew. I guess he got kind of dreaming over the sermon; for, as he rose to get the collection plate, he began to talk to himself and to do it out loud. But, bless you, he couldn't hear himself, for you have to shout to make him understand anything. So, as I was saying, he took up the plate, and began to talk; and, as far as I can recollect, this is just about what he said:—

'So that "Go ye" means me and every one of us, and this is the Lord's plate, and what we put in is our substitute for going ourselves, and shows how much we love Him and how much we think we'd have been worth to Him, seein' we don't go ourselves.'

Then he got to the back seat, and passed the plate. Now our back seats are almost always full of young men; and, as they put their money in the plate, the old man went on. 'Twenty-five cents from Sam Jones. My boy, you'd been worth more than that to the Lord. Ten cents from Davie Brown, five from Tom Stone, and nothing from Steve Jackson, forty cents for four boys, and every one of them could go, too; and they're worth six hundred dollars a year each to their fathers, and only forty cents to the Lord.'

'THE PRICE OF ONE OF YOUR DINNERS DOWN-TOWN.'

Next pew Mr. Allen and his family sat. Mr. Allen put on a dollar for the family, and the old deacon moved away, saying, 'The Lord died for the wife and little ones, too, and they have nothing to give.'

In front of them was Judge Purvis with his wife and two daughters. 'The price of one of your dinners down-town.' 'Half of that pair of gloves you wear,' 'Almost as much as you spent for ice-cream last week,' 'One box of candy,' were the deacon's comments as the coins fell from the hands of the judge and family.

Then farmer John Robb put on a bill rolled up, and Mrs. Robb put on another, Johnnie Robb a little envelope bulging with coppers, and Maggie helped the baby to put another little bag on; and the old deacon said, 'God bless them.'

You may be sure we were all listening by this time, though we didn't dare to turn round, and there were lots of us mighty glad the deacon wasn't taking up the collection in our aisle.

John McClay's pew came. 'Worth a dollar a year to the Lord, and two thousand a year to himself,' said the deacon. 'Seventy-five dollars for a bicycle and twenty cents for the Lord don't match, Tommy McClay. Ah, Miss Ellen, it looks queer for a hand with a fifty-dollar ring to drop five cents on the plate.

'Less than last year, James Stevens; and the Lord blessed you, too. A new house for yourself and an old quarter for your Lord, Alex Bovey.

'You take in washing, and can give five dollars to the Lord. God bless you, Mrs. Dean. What! and Minnie has some, too, and wee Robie.

'Fifty, seventy-five, eighty-five, ninety; ah, your dinner will cost more than you have all given, Mr. Steel. A bright new dollar bill, and spread out, too, Mr. Perkins; I am afraid ninety-five cents was for show. A cheque from Mr. Hay. It'll be a good one, too, for he gives a tenth to the Lord. Two dollars from you, Harry Atkin, is a small gift to the Lord that healed your dear wife.

'Ah, Miss Kitty Hughes, that fifty cents never cost you a thought; and you, Miss Marion, only a quarter, and you could both "go ye" and support yourselves. Five cents from the father, and a cent each from the family; I guess John Hull and family don't love the heathen brothers very hard. Ah, Mrs. McRimmon, that meant a good deal to you: the Lord keep you till you join the good man that's gone. Charlie Baker, and you, too, Effie; I doubt if the Lord will take any substitute for you. Nothing from you, Mr. Cantlie; not interested, I s'pose? Heathen at home; p'raps you're one of them.

'Five cents, Mr. Donald. I doubt you'd want to put that in the Lord's hand; and you, Mr. Jenkins, no more.'

Then the old man came to his own pew; and, as his wife put on an envelope, 'Ah, Mary, I am afraid, my dear, we've been robbing the Lord all these years. I doubt we'll have to put Jack and Mary, too, on the plate, wife. Jim, my boy, you'd be worth far more than that to the Lord.' Jack and Mary sat in the choir.

So it went on from pew to pew till the old man came to the front again, and there he stood for a moment, the plate in his left hand, fumbling in his vest pocket. But

he said, 'No, that isn't enough, Lord; you ought to get more than that; you've been very good to me.' So he put the plate down; and taking out an old leather wallet, counted out some bills on the plate, and said: 'I am sorry, Lord, I didn't know you wanted me to go; and Jim will keep mother and me on the farm now we're getting old, but I won't keep Jack back any longer; and Mary's been wanting to go, too, only I wouldn't let her. Take them both, Lord.'

Then, while the old man sat down and buried his face in his hands, Deacon Wise jumped up, and said with a lump in his throat: 'Dear pastor, we haven't done our duty. Let's take up this collection again next Sunday.' And a chorus of 'Amens' came from all over the church. And the pastor got up with tears in his eyes, and said: 'My friends, I haven't done all I could, either. I want to give more next Sunday, and I'll give my boy, too.'

Then we sang a hymn as we closed, but it sounded different to what it ever had before,—

'Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all;'

and the organist said she believed it went clear through the roof, and I guess God thought so, too.

I think the old deacon felt pretty bad when he found out how his day-dreaming had been done aloud, and one or two felt pretty hard at first; but they knew it was true. So that was what started us as a missionary church, and we've kept on ever since. There have been fourteen members of our Christian Endeavor society go out as missionaries in the last five years, six of our best, young men and eight of our brightest girls.

Jack Bright? He married the organist, and they are out on the borders of Thibet, where his medical skill is winning a way for Christ. Mary Bright married the minister's son, and they went to Africa. The old deacon has gone to his rest now. I wish we had more like him. Jim keeps his mother on the farm yet, but she's getting pretty feeble.

You're much obliged? Oh, that's nothing. I'm glad to tell you. You see I have two of my own boys that are in the work now, one in India and another in China, and another is getting ready to go. My name? John Douald. You're laughing? Yes, I was the one that gave only five cents that day; what the old man said about putting it in the Lord's hand stuck to me. But I hope to give the Lord a boy or a girl for every one of those five cents. Even my two youngest are talking about going already. You see the Lord said, 'Go ye'; so we're all going. Good-by.

The Swearing Parrot.

Bad company is a dangerous thing. A lady had a parrot that learned to swear by hearing a bad boy swear. Its owner took it over to a neighbor's house, where there was a parrot that had learned to pray by hearing some one pray about the house. She thought her parrot would quit swearing and learn to pray; but the swearing parrot could outtalk the praying one, and taught it to swear. It was an unfortunate thing that this praying parrot fell into bad company. Well, the swearing bird would not have learned to swear if it had not had the company of some one who swore. So keep out of bad company. Two thirds of the young men who are in prison, are there because of bad company.—'Bright Jewels.'

Gordon Roberts: A Student Volunteer.

(By E. Ryerson Young, jr., in 'Onward.')

I saddled my horse and took the ride about forty miles, to see my friend. Ere evening closed, I rode into the hamlet where Gordon, now Doctor Gordon Roberts, was practicing. With the heartiness of a college boy, for it was not more than two years since his graduation, he received me and took me to the hotel, which was his lodging-house and in which he had his consultation office. After tea he was called upon to attend a young lumberman who had been brought in by his comrades with a broken leg. The man was out chopping, and as a tree fell it was caught by the limb of a neighboring tree, which swung it on the laborer ere he could get out of its way. With care the limb was set. Then a message came of sickness in a log home, two miles out of that backwoods hamlet. Gordon thought that I had better rest after my ride, but I persisted and accompanied him to see his patient. The house was found, the patient was ministered to, and we started on the homeward journey.

It was a glorious night. The moon rode the sky in silvery splendor and the stars seemed to twinkle and sing of her triumphant march. The tinted trees, the shining lakes and rippling streams played in her beams and sent back their thanks from glistening dew-covered leaves and laughing wavelets.

I was drinking in this beautiful vision when Gordon abruptly said:

'I'm filled with despair. Let us sit down here on this stone. I want to tell you something. You are the only one around here that loves me. Well, now, what's the use of telling you? You, too, may hate me.'

'I hate no one. And why should I hate you, Gordon?'

'Why, I hate myself. I've no peace, no rest, no love, no hope.'

'Poor boy, you're lonely out here. Melancholia is affecting you. Come, let's have a race down the road. How lovely the moonlight glistens.'

'No, let me tell you all. It may drive you from me, but it will ease my conscience to tell it to some one. I was once as happy in the love and favor of God as any one; but since I have come here my heart has been hard against Him, and I could almost curse him; but he was my kind Father once, and He was my mother's God; and I couldn't. I loved Him once, and my heart and life were filled with love and joy. I was then at college, attending the medical school. One day a missionary meeting was held at the college. A noble man, right from the foreign field, was there. His earnest words sank deeply into my heart and bore home the conviction that I should be a foreign missionary, and if I did not, I should have no peace or rest. So I volunteered. When the consecration was made, a new life, full of unutterable glory, filled my soul.

'In my studies I made extraordinary progress, and when I graduated I was the gold medallist of my class, and—and I had found a friend who was dearer to me than all the world beside. Then came the struggle. Friends helped it on. Why should I the gold medallist of my class, go to the foreign field? A grand career was opening up for me at home. Let commoner fellows go. Then why should I leave my love? Stay, build up a great practice, and take her to myself. The struggle was terrible. My conscience and my honor pleaded for my vow. Self, world and friends pleaded for ease, fame and love; I yielded to the temptation, for I thought my love would not leave her happy home and go with me to the foreign field, and my heart said that I could not leave her behind. Then, oh, like a cloud my mind was darkened. My heart was midnight, and all my peace was gone. I lost relish for study; I became careless in life; my friends grew cold and my sweetheart found greater pleasure in another's company. I became truly reckless and tried to drown my feelings in carousals. When I received my license papers I came out here to hide myself, to banish all thoughts of the past and drown my love in work and drink. The liquor that is sold here is so bad that I could not drink it. There has not been much to do. My conscience has been pricking and goading me, and I am almost driven to madness.'

'Come back to Christ. He will not cast you out.'

'But I cannot go back after the life I have lived. His people here have cast me out and will not associate with me. Oh, don't say Christ to me!'

'But Christ means love and light, and you are sadly in need of both.'

'Well, I have told you about my feelings. Don't you hate me?'

'Why, no, you're only a rebellious son. I don't like your wilfulness nor the cruel way you speak of Christ and his readiness to forgive the penitent. If you desire peace of conscience and God's favor, go to Him and tell him how you feel. Plead Christ's dying love in your behalf. He never turns a deaf ear to that.'

'The moon is setting,' said Gordon abruptly. 'We'll have to hurry to get home by its light.'

So we returned to the hotel. On the way he was quite bright, seemingly much relieved by his confession. I was heavy with prayerful thought. Ere I left that hamlet, I met the preacher in charge and gave him some ideas about neglecting 'God's little ones;' but, like the cry of Ananias of Damascus, he said:

'He is one of the scoffers, one of the persecutors, and moreover, his associates are of the hotel, and you cannot expect me to associate with such as he.'

'Well, if you cannot meet him where he is, I shall try to send him to you; but do not miss an opportunity to help him.'

Gordon promised me to attend the services in the little church, and not to give up to despair. True to his promise, he attended the next church service, which was the prayer-meeting. After an earnest discourse, in which Christ's forgiving love and the necessity of our completely laying ourselves at his feet were emphasized, the preacher said:

'Let us pray. Dr. Roberts will lead us in prayer.'

A sensation passed through the audience. Some of the men smiled, others scowled; some of the girls tittered, and the sanctimonious sneered; but Gordon heeded them not, and surprised them all by kneeling down upon the rough, unpainted floor and pouring out his soul to God. His prayer was the cry of one in the wilderness for a straight path, the bleat of a lamb in the thicket longing to be set free, the wail of a captive that he might escape the house of bondage. In a fervor that quieted all, he ended:

'Lord, thou knowest, thou knowest; but make me good. For Jesus' sake. Amen.'

That prayer was the talk of the place for the next few days. The young preacher had often to defend his action for calling on 'such an one' to pray in the prayer-meeting. He would answer:

'Did he say anything wrong? Wasn't it to the point, a personal plea for pardon? How touching was the plea: "Lord, thou knowest, but make me good."'

'But think of what he is and with whom he associates.'

'Were Paul's actions and comrades any more commendable to the church ere his conversion?'

'But could he be in earnest?'

'Could he pray with such fervor and not be in earnest?'

But the people were not convinced. They thought their pastor rash and that the influence upon the people, especially the young people, would be harmful.

The pastor visited the doctor. They were two young men together. They prayed together in the doctor's office in the hotel and in the preacher's library in his boarding-house.

And ere Saturday night waned, a new light, a joyous experience dawned upon the doctor!

'I yield, I yield!' was his happy statement to his pastor. 'I'll go back to the place where I was ere I lost my peace of mind. God helping me, I'll lay myself upon the altar and go wherever He will send me.'

'Tell us your experience on Sunday in the church.'

The doctor shrank from the task.

'You owe it to the people, whose profession you have scoffed; you owe it to your companions, whose sinful ways you have exalted; but above all, you owe it to the Christ, your Saviour, whom you have denied. He calls for your confession before men that He may confess you before His Father in heaven.'

'By God's help, I will. I am now determined to do His will as He makes it plain to me.'

The news had been quickly noised abroad that evening that the doctor was converted, that he had closed up his practice, and would leave for some foreign mission field the following week. It was also quickly known that he was going to make his confession the next day in the church. The church on Sabbath morning was consequently full to overflowing. With bowed head, flushed face and tremulous voice, he began his story. He had a hard battle to make the church people believe that he was in earnest, but in spite of themselves, ere he was through, their eyes were bathed with tears; and even the rough-hearted lumbermen yielded to his fervent appeal, and many a vow was recorded, and sigh lifted for the holier, purer, conscience-quiet life.

He followed up his discourse with a few days of personal visiting and earnest work, urging the undecided to decision for truth and confounding the cold-hearted and unbelieving. He presented himself to his own people and offered himself again to go into foreign work, but like the Jewish disciples with Saul of Tarsus, they did not accept his conversion as genuine. However, he was ready to be humbled; for the sword of the Spirit had penetrated to the uttermost parts of his heart. He sought other Christians and other missionary societies till he succeeded in finding one who would send him if he would spend six months in their preparatory college, and at the end of that time prove himself worthy. With thankful heart he accepted the offer, and with earnestness he prosecuted his studies, absorbing all that he thought would be useful and necessary to most fully equip him for active service in the front ranks of Christ's soldiers. When his term at college was up he was most enthusiastically sent out to the foreign field, and from the latest reports, the name of Dr. Gordon Roberts bids fair to shine upon the most illustrious pages of the honor roll of Christ's noble foreign missionaries.

Floy Raymond's Paper Mission.

(By Julia H. Johnston, in 'American Messenger.')

'I can't be patient and good, while I am so puzzled, and it is also very hard to understand.'

Floy Raymond, confined to a couch by an attack of rheumatism in her knee, which in an unaccountable way had followed a slight exposure, heaved a deep and doleful sigh.

The mother stopped her work of putting the room in order, to give her young daughter a little love-pat, saying brightly:

'If you want to understand things before you take them patiently, you will have a sorry time of it, my dear. But you may be sure that you were laid aside just now in order to give you a chance to be patient and to give up your own way.'

'Rheumatism is an old ladies' disease,' said Floy disdainfully, 'I don't see why I should have it.'

'It is a girl's disease now, when it is in your knee,' was the mother's ready answer.

'Well, I cannot understand why it should come now, when I had just begun to be so interested in Endeavor work, and meant to do so much on the Lookout committee,' and Floy sighed again.

'No need to understand, daughter. Be on the look out all the same and work will come.'

'I can only look out of the window, now, and I don't see much either,' insisted Floy, who had had a bad night, poor girl, and was to be pitied.

'You can see a flower-bed, bright with blossoms, dear, and every one pushed its way through the dark to find the light. Try to find your way out of the dark, Floy, I can't bear to have you so grieved and rebellious.'

The mother's troubled look touched the daughter's heart, and aroused her conscience.

'Don't look so sorry,' she cried. 'I'm ashamed of myself; but I'm going to be good now. I'll look out of the window and count my mercies.'

The mother looked relieved and glad, as the unusual peevishness vanished, and she smiled approval as she went on with her work.

'What shall I do with these papers?' she asked, perplexed, standing before an overflowing paper-rack. 'This is a most untidy heap. It is your business to sort the papers and dispose of them; and as I haven't time to do it, I must wait till you are able, I suppose. It is a shame to let so much good reading matter go to waste.'

Floy's face lighted up with a sudden thought, and she said eagerly, 'Please let me have the heap beside me now, mother. The literature committee want papers to give away, and I might make up a big bundle.'

The girl was soon happily busy with the papers. She found some that she had pencil-marked, where helpful bits for her committee work had been found, and this suggested the marking of other good things. 'I love to read a marked paper myself,' she thought. 'A pencil mark seems to say, "Stop here," and I'll put in some stops for other people.'

In the midst of her work, another good suggestion came to Floy. 'I might send some of these papers to somebody myself without waiting for the committee,' was her thought, and then there came to her the remembrance of Amy Heath out in the country, where she had spent her vacation a year before. Amy had been hungry for reading matter, and at her mother's suggestion, Floy had sent her some of the accumulated Sunday-school Weeklies and other papers. She recalled Amy's gratitude over the first packages sent. Why hadn't she kept up the sending. Alas, forgetfulness, that sad hinderer of good deeds had alone been in the way. Now that Floy had time to think, her promise to Amy came back to her. Perhaps many a one has been laid aside by sickness in order that the forgotten pledges might be remembered and important opportunities made best use of.

'Well, you are a literary person, judging by the litter of your room,' was brother Howard's greeting, as he came in at noon, from the office where he was a law student. 'Might a very common-place body find room here to sit down?' he asked, moving a chair piled with papers.

'Oh, Howard,' cried Floy, heedless of his little pleasantries in her earnestness about her plan, 'do bring me up a quantity of newspaper wrappers and some extra stamps. I'm going to send out papers, big bundles of them.'

Having brought out her thinker, as she termed it, Floy used it to good purpose, as the mail-bags might have testified. She said gleefully afterward, that she would 'recommend newspapers for relieving rheumatism, only they must be applied at a distance.' If the tiresome knee really did not ache less, at least she forgot the pain to a degree, while she was busy with what Howard called her 'paper mission,' for she kept up the sorting and sending, and begged papers of her friends, till the house became a 'depot of supplies for the mission,' her brother said.

Of all the packets sent, none were more welcome nor more helpful than the budget which reached Amy Heath. With few opportunities, and more care than most girls, eager to good service, yet seemingly hampered and hindered in many ways, she received this choice reading as one would welcome a breath from an opened window after a season of enforced smothering.

In one of the papers a marked paragraph about a 'Do-what-you-can Committee,' proved to be an 'arrest of thought.' 'I can't even belong to a society of Christian Endeavor,' she mused, 'but why not be a committee of one, where I am, to do what I can? It would be better than grieving over what I can't do,' and without organization or officers, the society of one, consisting of a committee of one, was constituted forthwith.

Amy could not do much outside, but she could go into the cheering-up business at home, being helped to this by supplies of reading that now came regularly, many of them 'Messengers' in more than merely name. She could not influence others at a distance, but she helped her brothers at home in new ways, and they had wider outlook than she, giving out unconsciously what they gained from her. She managed also to write little notes to distant friends and relatives, and did more good than she dreamed, as the busy days went by.

Thus it came about that Floy established a second useful committee of one, like unto herself, and thus the seed sown was multiplied. The prayer mission extended far beyond her knowledge, for Amy was not the only one who passed on the packets of good reading to carry on a mission of help

and comfort in the silent yet persuasive way.

How much excellent reading matter does good only once? 'To what purpose is this waste?' May there be many more, with thoughtful discrimination and perseverance, to start a paper mission that shall bring good cheer to those in need.

Drugs and Drinking.

(By Walter N. Edwards, F.C.S.

There is a growing tendency on the part of people to doctor themselves when suffering, or imagining they suffer, from the various common and lesser complaints. The constant and persistent advertising of so-called remedies undoubtedly influences tens of thousands, and the user of these patent medicines and quack remedies is very likely to soon become a slave to their use.

There are so many physiological idiosyncrasies, so many differences of constitution and condition, that no one particular remedy can be applicable to all, and this fact alone should make us cautious as to the value of any nostrum. Fresh air, rest, proper diet, sleep, less food it may be, and exercise, are as a rule much more potent than medicines both in the prevention and in the cure of disease.

There is a much deeper reason, however, for the use of many of the so-called remedies, and it is found in the fact that pain is lessened and the inconvenience of the complaint is not so keenly felt.

Undoubtedly, to lessen pain is one of the greatest of blessings, provided that the cause of the pain is removed, but in many instances that is by no means ensured. Indeed, it would not be far wrong to say that often the remedy in the shape of some patent medicine or nostrum is worse than the disease.

Probably one of the greatest causes of drinking, if not the greatest, is to be found in the fact that alcohol lessens the power of perception, and thus renders pain less acute. A person suffering from indigestion may use an alcoholic preparation, relief is gained, not by a removal of the cause, but by simply rendering the person less capable of knowing that anything is wrong. The same reasoning applies in a great variety of ways, business trouble, domestic worry, family cares, grief, isolation, and remorse, are all less keenly felt when the nervous system is under the influence of alcohol, and so it becomes extremely difficult to get those who have habituated themselves to its use to see that it is a bad thing and to break away from it.

Large doses are not required to bring about this result. A glass or two of wine makes a man see his surroundings with a very different aspect to that which they possessed before, and it is this false glamour which alcohol induces that is at the foundation of the profound belief that alcohol is a good thing.

Large numbers of proprietary medicines are more or less alcoholic in their preparations, the reason being that alcohol is such an excellent preservative of organic substances, as well as the fact that many of the gums and resins are soluble in its presence. Ordinary solutions or decoctions will not keep unless some antiseptic agent is present, and alcohol is often used to secure this result.

One of the most commonly advertised ailments for which these crack remedies are put forth is that of loss of nerve power and tone, a tired and weary feeling, and so on. It is quite certain that alcohol can be of no service in such a case. As far as its constituents are concerned, it is positive that it cannot supply nourishment or food to the nervous system, and, as far as its action is concerned, it is equally certain that alcohol is a nerve paralyser, and that its use, even in small quantities, is always accompanied by loss of perception and of sensation. Neither food nor force is supplied, but deterioration is the result.

Take, for instance, the many preparations of coca wine. These are sold as medicines, and one of their greatest dangers is the fact that many who would not use alcoholic liquors in the usual way, readily use these preparations under the belief that they are proper medicines. These wines are sold as being useful in an immense variety of ailments. The following are a few of the many that are named upon the bottles or in the circulars accompanying them:—Weakness after illness, nervous disorders, sleeplessness, influenza, whooping cough, exhaustion of mind and body, allays thirst, restores digestive functions, enables great physical toil to be undergone, great value in excesses of all kinds, general debility, prevents colds and chills, makes pure, rich blood, anaemia, invaluable after pleurisy, pneumonia, etc., aid to the vocal organs. This is a fairly respectable list of complaints, and the very fact that these preparations of coca wine are put forward as a cure for so wide a range of various complaints is in itself a condemnation of them.

When any particular remedy is said to be of universal application for a large number of different complaints it may be looked upon with great suspicion. It must always be remembered that there is the commercial side to this question. The proprietors have no great and particular regard for the welfare of the people; their business is to make a profit, and many of them gain enormous fortunes. By skilful and lavish advertisement, and by carefully worded testimonials, they appeal to the credulity of the public, and often deceive even those who regard themselves as belonging to the thinking classes.

There are two specific dangers in regard to these wines. They are ordinary wines, either port or sherry for the most part, and therefore strongly alcoholic. The user of them is in considerable danger of cultivating a taste for alcohol, and certainly, there is the greatest possible danger to any one, having had the appetite, of reviving it. The dose is an elastic one, it can be repeated with considerable frequency three or four times a day.

What would be said of growing girls or youths having recourse three times a day to the wine bottle? But this is exactly what they are doing when coca and the so-called food wines are placed in their hands as medicine. They like the pleasant taste, there is the call of habit and appetite, and so there arises the greatest possible danger of a general liking for alcoholic liquors being set up. The ailing man or woman of set years is in a similar danger, for they are having recourse to alcohol when their powers of mind and body are to some extent exhausted, and they are thus less able to resist the fascination for alcohol that may so quickly be brought into existence.

Another element of danger is that the recourse to coca and kola is an attempt to get more out of the body and the mind than nature intended. Overwork, overstrain, worry, all produce exhaustion of physical and mental power. Nature pulls us up by asserting herself, and we feel run down and seedy, and, perhaps, quite unwell. What is wanted is rest, proper diet, and change. These would quickly be restorative, and once again we should benefit for the duties of life.

In a busy age there is the strongest possible temptation to seek a restorative by some occult method rather than to give the rest and refreshment that Nature demands. It is upon this that the whole trade in these so-called restoratives depends. There is no food quality in either alcohol, cocaine, or kola, but there is in them all a narcotising influence that, in its lesser stages, is hurtful, and, in its greater stages, disastrous.

The cocaine habit may be cultivated as easily as the alcohol habit, and the two forms of disease, alcoholism and cocainism, are by no means rare. The great factor in each of them is the loss of will-power, and, when that is accomplished, the descent to complete moral and physical ruin is quite easy.

A pure and simple life, in accord with the laws of health and hygiene, is the panacea both for the maintenance and the restoration of health, and that is what we should strive to aim at rather than having recourse to drugs that are not only ineffective, but positively dangerous.—'Union Temperance Gazette.'

The Selfishness of Ill-Health.

'Unselfishness is a game that two ought—mark you, I don't say can, but ought—that two ought to play at.'

The remark was called forth by a case my friend and I were discussing. It was that of a young man who for several years had been in ill-health. An acute disease had left him an invalid, not altogether hopeless or incurable, but still confined to his room, and with no immediate prospect of being able to leave it. Though it was a sad case, for his hopes of a useful life were blighted, it was not without its alleviations. Two sisters devoted themselves to him; they gave up all the pleasures of society for his sake; they lived only to anticipate his wishes morning, noon, and night saw them devising schemes for his amusement or laboring to add to his comfort; no sacrifice was too great for them to make; and the result, instead of being beneficial, was, as far as he was concerned, the reverse, for, from being a meek, patient sufferer, he was transformed into an unconscious tyrant.

'Poor Frank fancies the light hurts his eyes,' said one sister, as she drew down the blinds, and prepared to sit in semi-darkness. 'The click of knitting-needles irritates Frank's nerves,' said the other, as she laid her work aside. 'Frank feels that everything bright and cheerful is mocking him," they chimed in concert, "and therefore we deny ourselves for his sake. Self-denial is a duty, you know."

It was this that called forth my friend's remark. Frank did not dream he was selfish; he never realized that any self-sacrifice was required of him, he received his sisters' attentions as his right, and plumed himself on being a martyr. It was his part to receive; theirs to give; and the result was that his misery and despondency, not to speak of his demands, increased day by day.

It is no unusual case. There is more of this unconscious selfishness in the world than appears at the first glance, and more of it, perhaps, in our own hearts than we think.—'Parish and Home.'

The invitation to 'return unto the Lord' comes to all who are living in rebellion against Divine authority. The invitation should be made as plain as possible. To do this is the principal duty of the Sunday-school teacher.

LITTLE FOLKS

Elsie's Call.

'Did you call me, mamma?'

'No, darling.'

'But somebody called Elsie. Hark!' and one little fat finger was raised in warning.

'Lit-tle El-s-e-e. Lit-tle El-s-e-e. Lit-tle-tle-e El-s-e-e-e.

'Oh, what a funny little girl,' and mamma caught up the rosy baby and hugged her tight.

'Get your hat and we will go and find the tiny creature who is calling my Elsie.'

'Chick-a-dee-dee. Chick-a-dee-dee.'

'Oh, mamma,-was it that pretty birdie in the tree? What a pretty dark gray coat and white vest, and see his black cap! How funny he acts. What makes him hang upside down, in that funny way? Oh, mamma, he will fall!'

'No, Elsie, he never falls. He is made to walk in that way, and he is looking for his breakfast. Keep very still and watch him a minute. There! Did you see that?'

'What was that white thing that he pulled out of the tree?'

'I think it was a chrysalis. You know I showed you a silky white ball the other day and told you a caterpillar had wound himself up in it. This was another kind of caterpillar that had wound himself up to sleep all winter in that hole in the branch, but the poor fellow has made a part of the birdie's breakfast.'

'See what a funny crooked bill he has.'

'Yes, and do you see how strong it is? It may be built in that way so that it may be used for a pick-axe, to dig into the trees, not only to find his food but to build a home for his little ones. Its nest is very round and smooth and lined with bits of fur and moss. Sometimes it uses some old cavity, but as a rule it makes the hole with its own strong little bill.'

'What makes him talk all the time, mamma? Hear him. "Chick-a-dee dee."'

'Because he is happy, He would be a naughty birdie if he were not.'

'Is it naughty for little girls not to be happy?'

'Yes, Elsie.'

'Why?'

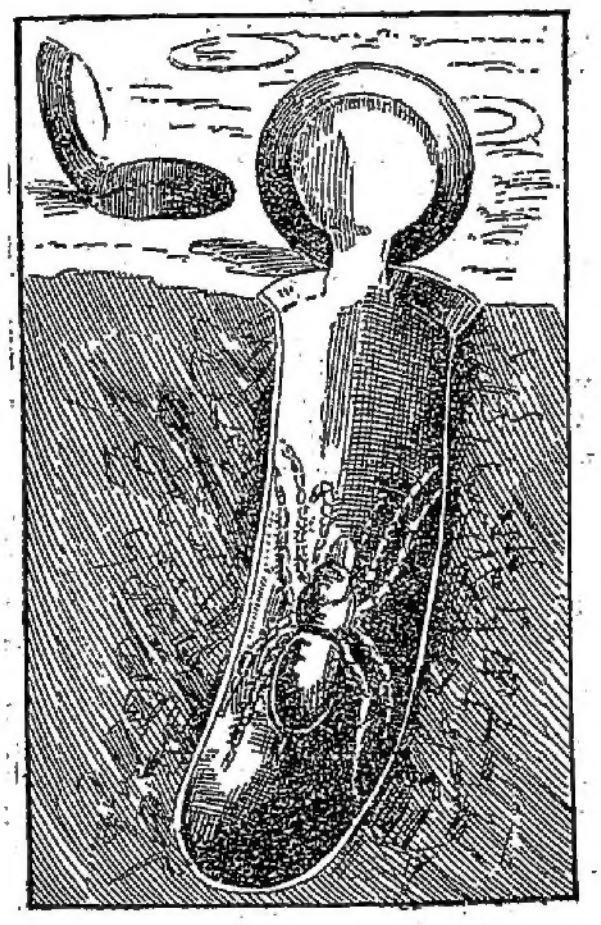
'Because God has made the world so beautiful, and everything as near right as it can be for children as well as birdies. So you see the chick-a-dee was calling to little Elsie.'—Helen Kent, in 'Little Ones.'

A Spider's House.

Who likes spiders? Not many little boys and girls do, and yet, like all God's creatures, they can teach us many things.

Look what a cosy house the spider in the picture has made for himself. It is lined inside with a sort of soft white silk. The lid is fastened on with the same sort of silky web.

These spiders do not often come out of their houses in the daytime,



but they do sometimes, and it is very curious to see the lid open and then a spider's legs and body come out. It is not easy to find these houses, because the little lids are covered with earth and they look just like the ground around them.

The more we know about God's works the more wonderful we find them.—'Our Little Dots.'

The B. B. B.

(By Bernice V. Rogers.)

The world without was all aglow with the glad return of spring. The apple-trees were masses of blushing beauty. Two little robins hopped from limb to limb, happily chirping to each other, and exploring every nook and branch in search of a place to set up housekeeping. Every bud and blade of grass seemed bursting with happiness; and the sun's jolly, round face smiled down upon all, like the good friend he was.

Within, a discontented little face was pressed close to the window-pane. Two big tears overflowed a pair of cloudy blue eyes, and slowly rolled down two rosy cheeks. The beautiful day, the two happy little birds, and the sweet fragrance of the apple-blossoms were all unnoticed. All she saw was a little girl of about her own age, pushing a baby-carriage back and forth on the opposite side of the street.

'Why don't you go out, Doris?' asked her mother, looking up from her writing. 'Why! what is the matter? Tears on such a lovely day? Why, Doris, dear, what is it?'

'I wish we had a baby,' sobbed the little girl.

'A baby!' exclaimed Mrs. Damon. Then, glancing out of the window, she smiled. 'Come here dear, and tell me all about it,' she said, beginning to understand.

'Every other little girl has a baby but just me!' sobbed Doris. 'And they can take it out in his carriage every day.' Here she gulped down a big sob. 'And there's such lots and lots of babies.'

'Yes, there are lots and lots of babies,' repeated her mother, at a loss how she was to comfort her little daughter, who had had every wish granted during her short life.

Just then Uncle Jim came in. He was seventeen, and Doris's ideal. He stopped whistling to throw his cap into the air, and exclaim:

'It's just glorious! The air makes me want to run up and down the street like a school-boy. What! Tears! and the sun shining so brightly out of doors! What's gone wrong with my little girl?'

'Doris wants a baby,' exclaimed Mrs. Damon.

'Gee, whiz! Beg pardon! A what?'

'A baby,' repeated Mrs. Damon. 'All the other little girls have a baby to wheel out in its carriage, so she wants one.' And Mrs. Damon looked up at her tall young brother, half hoping he would help her out of her perplexity.

'There's such lots of babies.'

Doris repeated, with another sob.

'Yes, indeed; whole orphan asylums full of them,' said Uncle Jim. 'Babies? Why, I'll go out and get you two or three of them, if you'll dry those tears.'

Doris looked up. 'And a carriage to push 'em in?' she questioned doubtingly.

'Yes, and a carriage, too; and you can take turns wheeling them to your hearts' content.' And there was a mischievous twinkle in Uncle Jim's eyes.

'Seriously, Jim,' said Mrs. Damon, 'I think I have an idea. Doris, dear, go bathe your face, and then run out and play till papa comes. Mamma will think it over, and see what she can do.'

'It may seem a strange idea,' said she after Mr. Damon had joined them a little later. 'But I have a little plan, and I think it is a good one. There are 'lots and lots of babies,' as Doris said; and that is what put the thought into my head. There is the tenement block on the next corner. It is filled with families, quiet and hard working, but poor. The block is full of babies—tiny, pinched little bits of humanity, who hardly get a chance to breathe the pure air. Their mothers are all hard-working women. Most of them take in washings, and are too tired after a hard day's work to take their little ones out for an airing. It would be a blessing to have their babies cared for a half-hour each day, and a blessing in health to the babies; while it would be giving Doris her baby to wheel out.'

'Well, if you think it's right, I have no objection,' said Mr. Damon. 'You know more about it than I do.'

'Three cheers for the 'Borrowed Babies' Brigade!' shouted Uncle Jim. 'I'll go down and order a carriage to be sent up at once.'

'I think Doris will want to select that,' said Mrs. Damon, with a smile.

And that was how the 'B. B. B.' received its name.

Doris was perfectly happy when she heard of the plan; and that afternoon she and her mother went down street, and selected a carriage. It was a pretty wicker one, light, but strong; and Doris watched eagerly while the clerk took the address, and promised to deliver it at once.

It was a bright little face that peered out of the window the next morning. To-day Doris welcomed the brightly smiling sun and the sweet breath of Spring. The baby-carriage had come, and Doris was eager to be out. It was very hard to take time to eat her breakfast, but her mother assured her that it was yet too early for babies to be out.

Mrs. Damon went with her little daughter after breakfast, Doris proudly pushing the empty carriage. They stopped first at Mrs. Damon's washerwoman's.

'What! Can yer borrer me baby?' exclaimed the surprised woman. 'An' yer want to be wheeling him out? Sure, an' it ud be a blessin' to the poor thing, he's that fussy with his teeth. But he ain't got nothin' fit to go in in such a kerrige.' And Mrs. Flynn looked longingly at the soft-cushioned seat and back.

'Oh, but can't I take him, please?' pleaded Doris. 'I haven't any baby of my own to wheel out; and I do want one so bad, and all the other little girls have one.' And there was a disappointed little droop at the corners of the rosy mouth.

Mrs. Damon hastily explained her little plan.

'What! an' ye bought that purty kerrige for other folks's babies?' exclaimed Mrs. Flynn. 'Bless her swate face! Sure, an' she can take me Patsey. He'll not be much fixed up, but he'll be swate and clane.'

And Patsey Flynn, after a vigorous scrubbing, was tucked into the carriage very shiny as to face and very red as to hair, but as sweet and clean as any baby need wish.

It was a quiet street, and Doris was a careful little girl; and Mrs. Damon, after telling her little daughter how far to go each way, left perfectly safe in trusting the baby to her charge.

From that day Doris never wished in vain for a baby to wheel. Mrs. Flynn told all the mothers in the block, and it became a daily custom to watch for the little girl with the baby carriage. Then all the mothers would flock to their doors to see the fortunate baby whose turn it was tucked into the carriage, and go for its morning ride. To-day it was little red-headed Patsey Flynn; to-morrow, black Honey Johnson; and one day Doris came home in great excitement to tell how she had wheeled out Li Chang Lee's almond-eyed little daughter.

All the neighbors along the street took an interest in Doris's babies. Mrs. Gray, the doctor's wife, and two other ladies divided the expense of a ten-quart can of milk, to be left each morning at the block. Other neighbors showed their interest in different ways. It became quite a custom for a baby to return from its ride attired in a fresh new bonnet or pretty cloak or with a dainty dress or two or some other bit of infant apparel. And Doris would happily explain to the mother that it was from the baby's friends.

The babies grew plump and rosy with the fresh air and fresh milk; and the mother's themselves went about their hard days' work with lightened hearts, pleased with the kindness shown their children and cheered by the interest and help of their neighbors.

One evening, after it had become too cool for the babies to go out, and the pretty carriage had been put away for the winter, Mr. Damon said to his wife:

'I was talking with Dr. Gray this morning, and he said we had no idea the good our little Doris has done these block babies. Many were insufficiently nourished, and some did not get a breath of fresh air from one week's end to another. Through the kindness of the neighbors, they have had proper food all summer; but Dr. Gray gives all the credit to our little Doris for awakening their sympathy and interest.'

'Oh! and I've had such a lovely summer!' exclaimed Doris, coming in in time to hear the last of her father's talk. 'It was such fun to watch that little baby of Mrs. Shea's grow fat. He was just a little skeleton last spring; and now he's just as fat, and is beginning to walk.'

'Three cheers for Doris and the "B. B. B."!' shouted Uncle Jim, coming in.

And Mrs. Damon, looking at the happy, healthy face of her little daughter, felt like joining in the shout.—'Christian Register.'

LESSON XII.—MARCH 25.

Review Questions.

The beginning of the earthly ministry of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

Golden Text.

'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

LESSON I.—Luke ii., 1-16.

1. In what city was Jesus born?
2. Why was there no room for him in the inn?
3. Why did he leave his throne of glory to come to this world?
4. What does the name Jesus mean?
5. What did the shepherds see?

LESSON II.—Luke ii., 41-52.

1. How old was Jesus when he first went to Jerusalem?
2. What feast did they go to attend?
3. What occurred after the feast?
4. Was Jesus obedient to his mother and Joseph?
5. Is it noble to be obedient?

LESSON III.—Luke iii., 1-17.

1. Who was John the Baptist?
2. What was he specially sent to preach?
3. Can we be saved by respectability, or by good deeds if our hearts are hard and unbelieving?
4. What did John say about Jesus?

Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why—
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.
—'Wesley.'

LESSON IV.—Matt. iii., 13 to iv., 11.

1. What two wonderful events took place at the baptism of Jesus?
2. Where did Jesus go directly after his baptism?
3. What was the first great temptation and how did Jesus meet it?
4. Describe the other temptations and their defeat.
5. From what book of the Bible did Jesus quote the word of God on these occasions?
6. What is the best weapon against temptation?

LESSON V.—John i., 35-46.

1. How did John point out Jesus to his disciples?
2. What did the disciples do?
3. Who did Andrew bring to Jesus?
4. Have you ever brought any one to Jesus?
5. How did Philip invite Nathanael?

Just as I am—without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st mé come to Thee,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come, I come.

LESSON VI.—John iii., 1-18.

1. Who was Nicodemus?
2. How can a man enter the kingdom of God?
3. Will baptism save a man? What must accompany the outward sign?
4. Can we measure God's love?
5. Repeat John iii., 16.
6. Is God willing that any soul should perish?
7. Whose fault is it that so many men do not believe in Jesus as their Saviour?

LESSON VII.—John iv., 5-26.

1. In what country and near what city was Jacob's well?
2. Whom did Jesus talk to there?
3. How can we get the water of life?
4. How only can we find perfect satisfaction?

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.
—A. A. Proctor.

LESSON VIII.—Luke iv., 16-30.

1. What do you know about Nazareth? About Sarepta? About Naaman the Syrian?
2. Where did Jesus go to address the people of Nazareth? From what book did he read to them?
3. What did they try to do to him?

LESSON IX.—Mark i., 21-34.

1. What happened at Capernaum?
2. Is Jesus able to perfectly cleanse your heart? Have you asked him to do it?
3. If a person cherishes in their heart impure or evil thoughts, can God dwell there?

'Beyond our sight a city foursquare lieth,
Above the mists and fogs and clouds of earth:
And none but souls that Jesus purifieth
Can taste its joys or hear its holy mirth.'

LESSON X.—Mark ii., 1-12.

1. At Capernaum again Jesus did a great miracle, what was it?
2. Why were the scribes surprised?
3. Can any man forgive sins?
4. Can we hide our thoughts from God?

LESSON XI.—Mark ii., 13-22.

1. How did Matthew come to be one of the twelve apostles?
2. What had he been before his conversion?
3. What did he do to bring his former associates into touch with Jesus?
4. Whom did Jesus come to call?
5. Is it worth while giving up anything, to follow him?
6. What reward have those who obey him?

Suggested Hymns.

'A ruler once came to Jesus,' 'Thou did'st leave Thy throne,' 'I gave My life for thee,' 'Yield not to temptation,' 'Follow Me,' 'What a Friend we have in Jesus,' 'Ho, every one who is thirsty in spirit,' 'At even when the sun was set,' 'What can wash away my sin?' 'Jesus is tenderly calling,' 'Why do you wait?'

Junior C. E. Topic.

Mon., Mar. 19. God. Matt. 4: 10.
Tues., Mar. 20. Conscience. Heb. 13: 18.
Wed., Mar. 21. Parents. Eph. 6: 1.
Thu., Mar. 22. By the whole life. Ps. 119: 2.
Fri., Mar. 23. Confidently. Acts 24: 16.
Sat., Mar. 24. In love. Ex. 20: 12.
Sun., Mar. 25. Topic.—Whom should we obey, and in what way? Matt. 21: 28, 29, 30, 31 (first half.)

C. E. Topic.

March. 18.—Ye must be born again. John 3: 1-15.

A Well Arranged School.

Due regard to the adaptation of teachers to classes is an important part in the discipline of the school. This can easily be brought about by those who are acquainted with the classes and the teachers. The superintendent and the pastor probably will have the best knowledge of the needs of the scholars in this direction. But teacher and scholar must suit together, else the end in view can never be gained. Proper classification as to ability and age is also very essential. Not unfrequently a scholar may feel himself quite out of place, which might be amended to his own good and without any loss to the class or school. That the room should be in a proper and attractive condition goes without saying. Poor light, uncomfortable seats, overcrowded classes, and cold rooms are a hindrance rather than a help. Many boys wish themselves rather on the street because of inadequate arrangements. Impressions on a boy's animal nature are keen and also very easily made. He cannot stand a surplus of discomfort. His attention is lost and interest checked. This may be true especially with rooms for the infant classes. The restless little people need special care, ease and comfort. —'Sunday-school Teacher.'

Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER VIII.—EFFECT OF ALCOHOL ON THE BLOOD.

1. Q.—What is the blood?

A.—It is the life of the body, and contains material for making flesh, bone, and every organ in the body.

2. Q.—Of what is it composed?

A.—Of a thin, colorless liquid, filled with little red disks.

3. Q.—What are these disks?

A.—They are little bright red bubbles or cells which color the blood.

4. Q.—What does the blood contain?

A.—The thin part contains albumen, mineral substances, and other nourishing properties. The red disks are the air-cells, and hold oxygen.

5. Q.—What is oxygen?

A.—It is a natural gas contained in the air we breathe; without it we could not live.

6. Q.—Of what use is oxygen?

A.—It helps to destroy or to burn up all the waste matter of the body.

7. Q.—In what form does the waste matter of our bodies pass off from the blood?

A.—In carbonic acid gas.

8. Q.—What is carbonic acid gas?

A.—It is poisonous and injurious to breathe. It is given out in the breath, in decomposition, and various other ways.

9. Q.—Where will you notice this gas?

A.—In school rooms which are not properly ventilated, in sleeping rooms where the doors and windows are closed, in churches, in public halls filled with people, where fresh air is not admitted, the air is full of carbonic acid gas, unpleasant to the smell, and hurtful to the body.

10. Q.—Is breathing this air injurious?

A.—It is, because we are constantly inhaling poisonous carbonic acid gas instead of life-giving oxygen.

11. Q.—After alcoholic drinks are swallowed, how does the alcohol get into the blood?

A.—Alcohol cannot be digested, and passes directly from the stomach into the blood, which carries it all through the system.

12. Q.—How does alcohol affect the blood?

A.—It causes the red disks or air-cells to harden, shrink, and change their form.

(To be Continued.)

Cauterize as Hercules Did.

We read in ancient mythology of the Lernean monster which seemed to take on increased vitality from the efforts made to slay it. If some assailant succeeded in cutting off one of its many heads, the decapitation only resulted in the speedy growing out of two heads where the wound had been made.

It was Hercules who, discovering that if the bloody neck were cauterized with a red-hot iron the power of the monster to replace the lost head was gone, adopted this method of attack, and so was able to deliver the terror-stricken people from the devourer.

More fearful devastation than that wrought by this fabled hydra-headed dragon has been that wrought by intemperance. And, as of old, so now, all attacks on this awful enemy seem futile. By moral suasion multitudes have been influenced to abstain from drink, but the ungodly traffic still continuing the monster is ever developing new heads and destroying more victims. License, high license, tax law, mulct-tax, state dispensary, not any or all of these modes of attack have slain this fell destroyer, or even visibly impaired its vitality and power. Let us now try not only by total abstinence to strike off his heads, but that they may

not grow again, let us promptly apply the hot searing-iron of legal prohibition. How effective the measure will prove is shown in the following article contributed to the 'North American Review':

The best argument I have found in Maine for prohibition was by an editor of a paper in Portland, that was for political reasons mildly opposed to it. I had a conversation with him that ran something like this:

'Where were you born?'

'In a little village about sixty miles from Bangor.'

'Do you remember the condition of things in your village prior to prohibition?'

'Distinctly. There was a vast amount of drunkenness, and consequent disorder and poverty.'

'What was the effect of prohibition?'

'It shut up all the rum shops, and practically banished liquor from the village. It became one of the most quiet and prosperous places on the globe.'

'How long did you live in the village after prohibition?'

'Eleven years, or until I was twenty-one years of age.'

'Then?'

'Then I went to Bangor.'

'Do you drink now?'

'I have never tasted a drop of liquor in my life.'

'Why?'

'Up to the age of twenty-one I never saw it, and after that I did not care to take on the habit.'

That is all there is in it. If the boys of the country are not exposed to the infernalism, the men are very sure not to be. This man and his schoolmates were saved from rum by the fact that they could not get it until they were old enough to know better. Few men are drunkards who know not the poison till after they are twenty-one. It is the youth the whiskey and beer men want.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

We're Coming, Too.

We're coming to the rescue,
  We're girls instead of boys,
But we're learned to ride a 'cycle'
  And outgrown our childish toys.
Just a lot of girls who seek
  Nobility to prize,
And so for short our 'Seniors'
  Are pleased to call us 'Y's' (wise.)

We are just a little wiser,
  And we never shall regret,
That we turn away disgusted
From the filthy cigarette.
Yes, turn our backs upon them,
  And those who use them, too,
E'en if they're tall and handsome,
  And rich as any Jew.

There's some one else we've banished—
  Perhaps you'll think it queer—
'Tis the man who loves his cider,
  His wine, and lager beer.
For we know that something stronger
  Will surely take its place,
And suffering wife and children
  Will share in the disgrace.

So we've planned to keep our freedom,
For be sure we covet not
The place of her who's married
  To one who is a sot.
And the man who dares to dabble
  With these things in early life,
Is working for a master
  That will make him beat his wife.

So you will please remember,
  That only pure and clean
Young men need ask to attend us
  Where we would wish be seen.
Perhaps you'll think this matter
  A most gigantic joke,
So you can live a bachelor,
  And be preserved in smoke.

—Mrs. M. P. Kelly, in 'Union Signal.'

'I figured out years ago,' said a prosperous farmer, 'that with very moderate drinking I'd drink an acre of good land every year; so I signed the pledge.' Here is a temperance lecture done up in a small parcel convenient for handling.

Correspondence

Dear Boys and Girls,—I am so glad that some of you are sending in money to be sent on to India, where it is so much needed. It is very difficult for us who have always lived in this pleasant country, to realize or even to imagine the depths of poverty in which so many of our fellow creatures live. You have perhaps heard persons make the remark that there is more need for money and workers at home than in any foreign country. It is true that there is great need for Christian work in this country, for the power of evil is strong in every part of the world. If we know of the sin and misery that there is in some parts of our own land, it is difficult to imagine that any place or people could be worse. But missionaries who have worked amongst the most degraded and miserable people in so-called Christian lands say that their condition is in most cases much less terrible than the condition of the heathen in the dark lands.

Dr. Harry Guinness, of London, England, said that he had worked for some time in the lowest slums of East London, and from what he saw there he was sure that that was the most wicked and miserable spot on earth. But when he went to Africa to visit the Congo mission, he found that the heathen natives of that country were unspeakably worse than the slum population of London!

In India there is always a large class of natives who live on the edge of starvation all the time, they never have really enough to eat in the best of times, and so have no strength to stand when famine or illness comes. The famine kills off a great number of these, and it also reduces to their ranks a great many others who had been of a more comfortable class.

These lives are worth saving. The missionaries are doing all in their power to save them, but they can not give food to the starving unless they have money to pay for the food. They can not give the natives work, unless some one gives special money to pay the wages. So you see that all that you can send will be put to good use by the missionaries for the relief of the starving natives of India.

Again thanking you for what you have sent in, and reminding you that prayer enriches and adds to the value of every gift,

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Oakville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My papa has taken the 'Witness' for years, and he has been taking the 'Messenger' for a year. I have a big pet dog, a pet cat, and her name is Minnie, and I live on a farm, and we call it Lilac Grove; it is a very pretty place in summer time. My mother and father are both living, and an uncle lives with us. I am a lonely little girl. I have no brothers or sisters. J. M. C. (aged 9.)

Tracadie, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live with my grandpa. I take the 'Northern Messenger' and like to read the Correspondence very much. My grandpa owns a large farm. We have a large flock of pigeons, and a canary as pets. I will be ten years of age in February. ADELINE GLADYS Y.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—My mamma is going to write a letter to you for me. I live on Beaconfield Avenue. We take the 'Messenger' and also get it in Sunday-school. My mamma got it in Sunday-school, when she was a little girl too. I have three brothers. Their names are Shields, Harold and Gordon. We have a little dog, and he barks at every thing he sees.
MURIEL (aged 6.)

East Southampton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My brother drives the mail. He goes six miles from home with it. We keep the post office, and carry the mail to the train twice a day. I have four brothers and three sisters, and over one hundred cousins. FREDDIE N. H.

Mahone Bay, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I liked the letters Ethel and Vera wrote. I have a sister named Vera, she is four years old. Gertie Jones wrote a verf nice letter, too, about quilts. I started to make one, but did not get it finished. I thought the story of Dan was very nice, and that one about Nettie's Doubt. I think it is awful that liquor can be sold. I have no pets like the other writers, but some of the birds come down from the trees in our little orchard, to pick up any scraps that might be in sight.
EVA FRIGGENS (aged 9.)

London. Ont.

Dear Editor,—I had a birthday present of a kodak, and take pictures of my friends. I do my own developing, and finishing. I had a visit to my grandpa and grandma's last summer in Hartford, Conn.
CUTHBERT A. (aged 11.)

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I'm the youngest of six, four brothers and one sister. I have a dear wee kitten for my pet, and a bird; the boys have a goat. I live four miles from the busy town of Seaforth. MAMIE S.

Chewelah, Wash.

Dear Editor,—My grandma sent me the 'Messenger.' I did live in Missouri, but last spring we came to Washington. I saw a great many sights on the road out here. The Rocky Mountains, and the mountains in Wyoming, were very pretty. When we came out here, we got acquainted with some Germans. Some of the children had never been to Sunday-school. There was soon one organized in the school-house. So now we have a nice Sunday-school here. It is a small log school-house, the first I ever saw. We live in a pretty little valley about six miles from town.
HATTIE GAINES (aged 12.)

Ceylon.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about a mile and a half from the village of Flesherton, and half a mile from a smaller village, called Ceylon in the county of Grey, Ont., The C.P.R. railway runs through our farm, and every day we can see the great iron horse drawing its heavy load of freight to distant parts. I have six brothers and one sister. Her name is Vera. My papa is a farmer and a grain buyer. He goes to his elevator on Monday, and does not return until Saturday evening.
INA McM. (aged 11.)

Wapella, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I live three miles out in the country, and I come to school nearly all the time. My sister drives me in, and comes for me. I have six brothers and four sisters. MARY B. M. (aged 11.)

Wapella, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters and one brother. We have good times playing after school. We live right near the church, and I attend every service, and I go to Sunday-school every Sunday.
ISA L. (aged 9.)

Gaspereaux, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My grandma and grandpa are in Manitoba now. My birthday is the 28th of November. I was 11 years old. My sister is 13 years old. Her name is Myrtle Mehetable. We have a Sunday-school here now. STELLA L. (aged 11.)

Premium Received.

Upper Musquodoboit, Feb. 21, 1900.

Dear Editor,—I write to say I have read the premium 'In His Steps,' and am much pleased with it; accept my hearty thanks for it. I had not read far in it till I came to the conclusion that if there was a newspaper in the Dominion that came near the ideal presented there, it was the Montreal 'Witness,' both in its ads, and throughout the whole paper. It is clean, pure and truthful; God bless the 'Witness.' We have taken it for 25 years, and have induced many to take it, and shall continue to work for it still. You can use my letter if you wish, but no name 'A reader and wellwisher.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Keep Strength in Reserve.

'Nothing's gained by worrying,
By hurrying
And scurrying,
With fretting and with flurrying
The temper's often lost; . . .
'Tis better far to join the throng
That do their duty right along . . . .
Calm and serene in heart and nerve,
Their strength is always in reserve.'

Recollection arises of having once read an amusing account, given by herself, of an active but not always wise woman, who in summing up one day's doings says something like this: 'Arose this morning with the feeling that several different things must be done. Spent considerable time deciding what should be done first. Waited quite a while to consult with Mary about something more important that needed looking after. Was about to take up the task when I remember some cooking must be done. Ingredients were not all at hand, so the former discontinued duty was about to be resumed, when Mary came in, and we consulted so long it was dinner time before I knew it. After dinner went hurriedly to work expecting to cut out a garment, but having an insufficient quantity of lining, was starting out to buy more, when I discovered it was raining hard. This of course hindered me. At bed time husband laughed and chuckled over a remark he said he overheard me make when he came into the house to-night: "There! I've been fussing all day about how much I had to do, and haven't accomplished a single thing!"'

Now had this good woman only been a a little more provident, a little more systematic and far-seeing, she might have found herself one of the fortunate throng 'that do their duty right along' calmly, with self-reliance, and consequently with profit. There is nothing else that will more easily confuse and delay any housekeeper, especially when extra cares are at hand, than want of proper forethought. It is not unusual to hear an experienced housekeeper tell of lying awake at night planning just how the various dishes shall be placed on the morrow's holiday table, and the guests seated. It would be far better did these careful anxious hostesses do what another equally careful but more prudent housewife found to be a most helpful plan, and it would also help to keep 'strength in reserve.' 'I kept paper and pencil at hand for several days,' she said, 'because so many extra things were to be needed, and as the requirements for different dishes occurred to me I would write them down. It simplified things amazingly, and made preparation for the large company very easy. Everything glided along "as easy as possible, and not a single thing was forgotten, neither was there the least hurry at any time."'

It often takes years for good cooks and excellent housekeepers to thoroughly learn some very simple facts. And there is nothing childish, nothing to be scoffed at in the habit of many good housewives, of keeping pencil and pad hung in the kitchen, where each want as it arises is at once marked down. Try the easy experiment whenever confronted by the pleasant anticipation of a merry feast, and see if it is not worth trying continually.—'Christian Work.'

Poisonous Plants.

In a recent bulletin of the New Jersey station, Prof. Byron D. Halsted calls attention to the danger from eating parts of unknown plants. Fatal cases of poisoning, he says, are usually among children, and in the spring of the year, when they go into the woods and fields with their taste sharpened for any green thing. There are many succulent roots that are harmless and are agreeable when eaten, and it is often through mistaken identity that the injury follows. If, for example, the cicuta is eaten instead of wild parsnip, conium for sweet cicely, or poke roots for artichokes dire results may follow. In like manner distress may come from mistaking kalmia leaves for wintergreen, blue flag, for sweet flag, or even hellebore leaves as a pot herb for marsh marigold. Again there is sometimes the element of bravery that leads to the partaking of poisonous plants, as when one child 'dares' another and a false pride leads on possibly to death. There are sometimes the lurking vestiges of the savage in the child, and he takes a strange delight in 'playing Indian;' particularly if hunger lends its impulse. In short, there are many reasons why our youth are led to forage somewhat indiscriminately upon the soft parts of plants, and against them all the parent and teacher, and grown persons generally, should assist by advice and even reproof.

The majority of fatal cases have probably come from the eating of roots exposed by the excavations of earth where the poisonous plants abound, and it is here that the greatest care needs to be taken. Ditchers in low land where the cicuta, arisaema, iris, or vertrum are found or in high ground where the poke root may grow, need to warn children of the danger of feeding upon the fresh roots that are temptingly exposed. The fruits stand next in order of dangerous parts of plants, and there is no better rule than to abstain from all that are not well known. Otherwise the sickening baneberries may be eaten or the still more poisonous green juicy fruits of the daturas may prove fatal. Grown persons are most apt to be poisoned by the toadstools, and it is here repeated that only the kinds that are harmless and well known should be gathered. The poisonous species are too variable in characteristics to permit of taking any chances with them. It is better to limit one's list of edible kinds to a few quickly recognized species than to extend the number at the risk of one's life. Finally, should a case of poisoning occur let the skilled physician be called at once, as the delay of an hour may result in death.—N. E. 'Homestead.'

The Trained Nurse.

'It is a liberal education,' commented a women recently, 'to have a trained nurse in the house for a few days. I learned much from watching one who has just left us. For example, she swept the sick-room every morning without a broom. She had a pail filled with coarse towels wrung out of cold water, and with these she rapidly wiped the carpet. I found that when I did not have the things she was used to, she quickly substituted something else. For instance, no light-screen being at hand, she used an open umbrella to protect the patient from air at one time and from the light at another. She made a plate of ice-cream in ten minutes in a pint pail, and with what seemed to me a handful of chipped ice. Of course, she put coals on the fire in paper bags; and when we did not have a piece of board that exactly fitted in the window, to permit ventilating without a draft, she accomplished the same purpose by raising the window from the bottom about five inches, and tacking a strip of flannel to the sill and sash with thumb-nails. Lastly and best, she made an oatmeal gruel that was the first that I have ever really liked. She used the coarse oatmeal, and pounded it, putting it afterwards into a bowl, which she filled with cold water. This was stirred and allowed to settle before the water was carefully poured off, three different times. This water made the gruel after being boiled for about one-quarter of an hour, seasoned, drained and mixed with a small teacupful of hot cream. This she served to me with oblongs of toast like sandwich slices, crisp and brown and always hot.'—New York 'Post.'

Selected Recipes.

Cheese Souffle.—Melt an ounce of butter in a double boiler, and stir into it one ounce of flour, then add a quarter of a pint of milk and a pinch each of salt and cayenne pepper. Stir slowly until it is as thick as melted butter. Turn this into another dish and stir into it the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, and just before it is ready for the oven whip the whites of two eggs stiff, and stir in, with two large tablespoonsful of grated cheese. Butter a baking dish or tin and fill it half full of the mixture, allowing plenty of space for rising. Bake twenty minutes in an even oven, and serve at once in the same dish.

Apple Shortcake.—Pare, core and slice four fine, large apples. Drop them into boiling syrup and cook until soft, and then mash them well. Roll a sheet of plain pie crust in two thin layers. Lay one in the pan, lightly greased with butter, then lay on the second sheet, and bake in a hot oven. When done, separate the sheets and spread the apple sauce between the crust and also on top, and serve with cream.

Brown Pudding.—Chop six ounces of suet very fine and mix it with three-quarters of a pound of flour; then stir in six ounces of molasses. Beat up one egg and add it to the mixture, with enough milk to make a stiff batter. Lastly add one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in a little milk; steam in a well-buttered basin for three hours, and serve with a sweet white sauce.

Oyster Soup.—Have ready two quarts of boiling water into which put three quarts of fresh oysters and their strained juice. Let them come to a boil and skim thoroughly; have ready a teacupful of sweet butter with a large tablespoonful of flour worked into it. Add to it sufficient hot soup to melt the butter and stir the whole into the soup. Let it boil up and serve immediately. The oysters should not be on the fire over fifteen minutes; they only want heating through. Have fresh crackers or toasted bread; if the first split them, if the latter cut in small squares; put them into the tureen and pour over the soup. Let each person add pepper and salt to suit the taste.'—'Table Talk.'

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